# MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
# LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

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## Selections.

### CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIANS.

To ſay that nature has irreverſibly doomed the Ruſſian to be a barbarian, is an aſſertion as diſgraceful as it is unjuſt, and ſuch as nature has herſelf contravened. Amidſt all the oppreſſion that weighs him to the earth, that half aſſociates him with the rugged bear of his foreſt; and taught, as he is, that his condition can never know amelioration, this poor ſlave of the north has diſplayed heroic valor in the field, the moſt gentle moderation in ſucceſs, and the mildeſt unrepining philoſophy in ſuffering: ſuch as would have done honor to a Roman. If you aſk whether the ſenſibilities of nature ever ſoftened the Ruſſian breaſt, read what the poor exiles have expreſſed in the deſolate wiles of Siberia, and it will put the feelings of your heart to their fulleſt proof. In thoſe regions of gloom, the poet may catch ſome of the fineſt ſubjects for his muſe.

No one who has remarked the Ruſſian with candor, who judges from what he ſees, and not from what he has heard or read, will heſitate to pronounce him one of the beſt tempered creatures in the creation. He will bear the curſe and ſcorn, and frequently the blows of his ſuperior, with mildneſs. Revenge, almoſt ſanctioned by inſults, never maddens his blood; and knowing, perhaps, how hard it is to ſuffer without reſiſting, he is ſcarcely ever ſeen to ſtrike the animal over which he has power. His horſe is ſeldom propelled by any other influence than a few cheriſhing and cheerful ſounds; if this encouragement increaſes not his pace, he does not, heated with ſavage fury, diſſect the wretched beaſt with the ſcourge, beat out an eye, or tear out the tongue; no! his patient driver begins to ſing to him, and the Ruſſians are all famous ſingers; if the charms of muſic have no influence on his legs, he then begins to reaſon with him; 'You ſilly fellow! why don't you go on faſter? come, get on, get on, don't you know that tomorrow is a praſhnick (a faſt day) and then you will have nothing to do but to eat?' By this time the ſulky jade has generally had her whim out, and trots on gaily. His horſe is the object of his pride and comfort; well obſerving the Ruſſian proverb, 'It is not the horſe but the oats that carry you:' as long as the animal will eat he feeds him; and his appearance generally honors, and his grateful labours remunerate, the humanity of his maſter. A Ruſſian in the ebullition of paſſion, may do a ferocious thing but never an ILL-NATURED ONE. No being under heaven ſurpaſſes him in the gaiety of the heart. His little national ſong cheers him wherever he goes. Where a German would ſmoke for comfort, the Ruſſian ſings. There is nothing cold about him but his wintry climate; whenever he ſpeaks, it is with good-humour and vivacity, accompanied by the moſt animated geſtures; and although I do not think that the Graces would at firſt pull caps about him, yet in the dance, for ſpirit and agility, I would match and back him againſt any one of the moſt agile ſons of careleſſneſs in the *Champs Elyſées*.

In his religious notions, the Ruſſian knows not the meaning of bigotry, and what is better, of toleration. He mercifully thinks that every one will go to heaven, only that Ruſſians will have the beſt place. When theſe ſimple children of Nature addreſs each other, it is always by the affectionate names of my father, my mother, my brother, or my ſiſter, according to the age and ſex of the party. To theſe good qualities of the heart, let me add the favorable and manly appearance of the Ruſſians, I mean the proper Ruſſians: Their dreſs is plain and ſimple, conſiſting of a long coat of woolen cloth, reaching to the knees, and folding before, faſtened round the middle by a ſath, into which his thick leather gloves are generally tucked, and frequently it holds his axe; his drawers are of the ſame ſtuff with his coat, and his legs are uſually covered with heavy boots, or ſwathed round with bandages, for they ſeldom ever wear ſtockings, and for ſhoes he uſes coarſe ſandals made of cloth and the matted bark of the linden or birch; his hair is always cropped: the dreſs of the common women did not appear to me to vary much from that of our own females of the ſame degree; it conſiſted of a tunic, generally of ſome ſhewy color, with the ſleeves of the ſhift appearing. The milkwomen looked very well in this dreſs; and the manner in which they carry an aſhen bow, from the ends of which are ſuſpended little jars covered with matted birch bark, reſting upon one ſhoulder, gives them an uncommonly graceful appearance. When the tradeſmen's wives go out, they generally cover the top of their caps with a large rich ſilk handkerchief, which falls behind; this appeared to be a very favorite decoration.

What good the Ruſſian has, he owes to himſelf; his foibles, and they are few, originate elſewhere; he is the abſolute ſlave of his lord, and ranks with the ſod of his domains; a lord whoſe deſpotiſm is frequently more biting than the Siberian blaſt. Never illumined by education, bruiſed with ignoble blows, the object and frequently the victim of baronial rapacity, with a wide world before him, this oppreſſed child of nature is denied the common right of raiſing his ſhed where his condition may be ameliorated, *permitted* only to toil in a diſtant diſtrict under the protection of that diſgraceful badge of vaſſalage a CERTIFICATE OF LEAVE, and upon his return compellable to lay the ſcanty fruits of his labor at the feet of his maſter; and finally, he is excluded from the common privilege which nature has beſtowed upon the fowls of the air and the beaſts of the wilderneſs, of chooſing his mate; he muſt marry when and whom his maſter orders. Yet under all this preſſure, enough to deſtroy the marvelous elaſticity of a Frenchman's mind, the Ruſſian is what I have depicted him. If the reader is not pleaſed with the portrait, the painter is in fault.

### RUSSIAN SEVERITY.

In Ruſſia, ladies of rank have ſuffered the puniſhment of the knout: the Abbe Chappe D'Auteroche relates the circumſtance of an execution of this nature which took place in the reign of the cruel Elizabeth. He ſtates that Madame Lapookin, who was one of the loveliеſt women belonging to the court of that Empreſs, had been intimately connected with a foreign ambaſſador who was concerned in a conſpiracy againſt Elizabeth, and, on this ac-

count his fair companion denounced as an acceſſary in his guilt, and condemned to undergo the knout: the truth was, Madame Lapookin had been indiſcreet enough to mention ſome of the endleſs amours of her imperial miſtreſs. The beautiful culprit mounted the ſcaffold in an elegant undreſs, which encreaſed the beauty of her charms and the intereſt of her ſituation. Diſtinguiſhed by the captivation of her mind and perſon, ſhe had been the idol of the court, and wherever ſhe moved, ſhe was environed by admirers: ſhe was now ſurrounded by executioners, upon whom ſhe gazed with aſtoniſhment, and ſeemed to doubt that ſhe was the ſubject of ſuch cruel preparations. One of the executioners pulled off a cloak which covered her boſom, at which, like Charlotte Cordey, as ſhe was preparing for the guillotine, her modeſty took the alarm, ſhe ſtarted back, turned pale, and burſt into tears. Her clothes were ſoon ſtripped off, and ſhe was naked to the waiſt, before the eager eyes of an immenſe concourſe of people profoundly ſilent. One of the executioners then took her by both hands, and turning half round, raiſed her on his back, inclining forwards, lifting her a little from the ground; upon which the other executioner laid hold of her delicate limbs with his rough hands, adjuſted her on the back of his coadjutor, and placed her in the propereſt poſture for receiving the puniſhment. He then retreated a few ſteps, meaſuring the proper diſtance with a ſteady eye, and leaping backwards, gave a ſtroke with the whip, ſo as to carry away a ſlip of ſkin from the neck to the bottom of her back; then ſtriking his feet againſt the ground, he made a ſecond blow parallel to the former, and in a few minutes all the ſkin of her back was cut away in ſmall ſlips, moſt of which remained hanging to her chemiſe; her tongue was cut out immediately after, and ſhe was baniſhed to Siberia. It is impoſſible to reflect upon this ſavage ſcene, in which the Empreſs betrayed all the qualities of a ruthleſs barbarian, without equal horror and indignation.

The late Empreſs Catherine exerciſed her vengeance upon a ſimilar occaſion with more lenity, but in a very mortifying manner. A lovely young woman, who had married the Count M——, one of her diſcarded favorites, obtained from her huſband ſome ſingular particulars reſpecting his intimacy with the Empreſs, which ſhe very injudiciouſly related to ſome of her female friends at Moſcow, where ſhe reſided. Not long after, juſt as the lady and her huſband were reſigning themſelves to ſleep, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door of their chamber, which the huſband unbolted, when a ſtout police officer entered with a large rod in one hand, and an imperial order in the other. The huſband was commanded to kneel on one ſide of the bed and make no reſiſtance or noiſe, as in the next room there were ſeveral brethren of this ſummary miniſter of juſtice in waiting. The lady was ordered, juſt as ſhe was, to deſcend from the bed, and lay herſelf upon the floor; the officer then tied her hands and feet, and gave her a ſevere whipping: when he had finiſhed the diſcipline, he looſened her, raiſed her up, and ſaid, 'This is the puniſhment which the Empreſs inflicts upon tattlers; the next time you go to Siberia.' The ſtory was ſoon buzzed abroad, and the poor young lady could not appear for ſome time after in Moſcow without exciting a titter.

## ANECDOTE.

*Of General Moreau, and the Auſtrian Commander Prince Charles.*

Among the many inſtances of the humane and generous diſpoſition of Prince Charles, the following are worthy of being recorded—When he was on his way from Bohemia, to take command of the army of Germany, as he approached the ſcene of action, he fell in with numbers of wounded and dying, abandoned by their companions on the road, for want of horſes to draw the carriages in their retreat—The Prince immediately ordered the horſes to be unharneſſed from ſeveral pieces of cannon that were likewiſe retreating; ſaying that the relief of theſe poor men was an object far nearer his heart, than the preſervation of a few pieces of cannon.—When General Moreau heard of this benevolent trait, he ordered the cannon that had fallen into his hands, to be reſtored to the Auſtrians, ſaying that he would take no cannon that had been abandoned from ſuch humane motives.

At Paſſau, there was a repoſitory of clothes and proviſions deſtined for the poor of that city. This magazine, on the retreat of the Auſtrians to the Traſen, fell into the hands of the French; the Archduke immediately wrote to General Moreau, to acquaint him with its deſtination, and entreated him to ſpare it. The clothes and the proviſions were diſtributed among the poor; and the General wrote back to the Prince, that he would never appropriate to his own uſe, what was deſtined for the relief of the indigent.

## PAT. AND THE AUCTIONEER.

A SHREWD Iriſhman looked into an auction room, one day, and witneſſing for ſome time the manœuvres, he called out to the man with the hammer, 'Pray, ſir, may I bid what I pleaſe?' 'Yes, ſir,' was the reply of the complaiſant auctioneer. 'Why then, ſays Pat, 'I BID you a good morning.

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

"PRAY buy a noſegay of a poor orphan!" ſaid a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was paſſing the corner of the Haymarket. I turned haſtily, and beheld a girl about fourteen, whoſe drapery, though ragged was clean, and whoſe form was ſuch as a painter might have choſen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without coloring, was as white as ſnow; and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were intereſting, and ſet off by a tranſparent complexion; her eyes, dark and intelligent, were ſhaded by looſe ringlets of a raven black, and poured their ſweet ſupplicating beams through the ſilken ſhade of very long laſhes. On one arm hung a baſket full of roſes, and the other was ſtretched out towards me with one of the roſe buds. I put my hand into my pocket, and drew out ſome ſilver, "Take this my pretty girl," ſaid I, "and may that God, who is the Father of the fatherleſs, be the preſerver of your exiſtence, and your virtue! Virtuous poverty is no crime."

I was turning from her, when ſhe caught my withdrawn hand; and putting it to her lips, burſt into a flood of tears. The action and the look which accompanied it, touched my ſoul; it melted to the artleſs gratitude of this poor Flower Girl, and a drop of ſympathy fell from my cheeks. "Forgive me, ſir," ſaid ſhe, recovering from her tranſport, while a ſweet bluſh diffuſed itſelf over her lovely face—"my heart was full of what it could not expreſs—nature impelled me to ſo free an action. You will pardon me, when I tell you they were the firſt kind words I have heard ſince I loſt all that was dear to me on earth." A ſob interrupted her diſcourſe—ſhe ſtopped and wept ſilently; then raiſing up her face from the hand on which ſhe had laid it, "O, ſir, I have no father! no mother! no relation! Alas, I have no friend in the world!" Choaked with her emotions, ſhe was ſilent for a moment before ſhe could proceed. "My only friend is G d! on him I rely; I ſubmit to his will. I only pray that I may ſupport with fortitude the miſeries I am born to experience! To him, kind ſir, this heart ſhall always pray for you.—May that God ever protect you!" added ſhe, dropping a courteſy, full of humanity and native grace, as ſhe retired. I returned her benediction and went on.

"And can I thus leave this poor creature? What have I done for her, that can entitle me to her prayers? Preſerved her a few days from death, but that is all! And ſhall I quit thee, fair flower, to ſee thee no more! to be blown down by the rude blaſt of adverſity! to be cropped by by ſome cruel ſpoiler! to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early ſorrow? —No! thou haſt been reared on ſome

happier bank; thou haſt been nurtured by the ſweet tears of maternal affection; thou haſt once bluſhed beneath the cheering ſun of domeſtic content, and under it thou ſhalt bloom again!" I turned as I ſpoke: my heart beat with its ſweet purpoſe. I ſaw the beautiful Flower Girl before me. I approached, caught her hand, the words of triumphant virtue burſt from my lips.

"Come thou lovely deſerted girl! come and add one more to the happy groupe who call me father! their home ſhall be thine; thou ſhalt ſhare their comforts; thou ſhalt be taught with them, that virtue their father tries to practiſe!" She ſtopped me; her eyes flaſhed with frantic joy; ſhe flung herſelf on her knees before me, and burſt into a flood of rapturous tears; I raiſed her in my arms, I huſhed her eloquent gratitude, and led her to a home of happineſs and piety. She loves my children, ſhe loves their father, and is equally beloved by them all—and the poor orphan of the Hay Market is now the partner of my only ſon.—*De Burgher.*

## GALLANT SALUTATION.

*From Carr's Northern Summer.*

In the evening I viſited the ſummer gardens that face the Neva; it is cuſtomary to attend a little more than ordinary to dreſs in this promenade, as the Imperial family frequently walk here. The walks are very extenſive, umbrageous, and beautiful, though too regular. Here only the chirping of the ſparrow is to be heard; not a thruſh, linnet, or goldfinch are to be found in Ruſſia. Amongſt the women who were all dreſſed *a la mode a Paris*, there were ſome lovely faces; but to prevent incenſe being offered upon a miſtaken altar, let me hint that they were Poliſh beauties; to each of the groupe one might have ſaid,

"——You are the cruell'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave
And leave no copy."

A young officer of the Imperial guards approached one of them and kiſſed her hand, and, as he raiſed his head, the lady kiſſed his cheek: it is the cuſtom in Ruſſia. Is it poſſible, thought I, that this ſpot in no very diſtant day, owned a Swediſh maſter? Can a little paltry bridge make all this difference between the belles of the two countries? But I will leave this point undecided. Be it as it may, the ſalutation was the moſt graceful I ever witneſſed: it was politeneſs improved by the moſt charming gallantry—bows, curtſies, and ſalams, are icicles to it. Whilſt France furniſhes us with caps and bonnets, and Egypt with duſky ſideboards, may the Ruſſians fix the univerſal mode of friendly meeting between the ſexes forever and ever.

## ON LAUGHING.

With reſpect to laughing, we ſhould conſider three things. Firſt, who laughs; ſecondly, who is laughed at; and thirdly, what the laugher is about. When a man tells a merry tale, he ſhould laugh inwardly, and enjoy the joke in his own mind more than in his countenance; for he who laughs aloud at his own joke, is in the court of Comus conſidered as a fool. When a merry ſtory is told, you may be allowed to make a little noiſe in laughing, it is a kind of compliment to the ſpeaker, and an approbation of the ſtory; but never break into the middle of a ſtory, by laughing; ſuch interruption is diſagreeable, both to the ſpeaker and auditors; beſides you ought to ſave all your ammunition for the end of the tale.

## OF EXTREMES.

One extreme generally follows another; and, when in rapid ſucceſſion, the effects produced are dangerous. Violent tranſports of joy invariably terminate in effuſions of grief as violent, and in the bare review of the change, the intermediate degrees from the higheſt point of its elevation to the loweſt point of its decline which mark its progreſs, the mind experiences the ſevereſt pain and uneaſineſs. When firſt aſſailed with this ſudden impreſſion, it flies from the moderate medium in which it uſually dwells, to a region more rarified, and like the ponderous body, the moment the impetus which forced its aſcent leaves it, it falls again to its humble ſtation. It always too declines with the ſame velocity it aſcended; and the more fanciful the pleaſures in the one extreme, the more poignant the pains in the other. But rapid as this vibration of our ſpirits may appear, we may yet very eaſily impede and diminiſh it, and by proper attention confine it within the limits of moderation.—To effect this, we need only reſort to that ſovereign aſſiſtant within us, our reaſon. The moment this herald proclaims the approach of joy, we ſhall find it an eaſy taſk indeed to check the ſallies of fancy, and to receive the impreſſion, lively as it generally is, with calmneſs and temperance.—Through a medium like this, we may give a proper ſcope to our feelings, without the danger of loſing the command of them—may taſte the ſweet without the bitter, and enjoy the delicate repaſt without cloying the taſte. While judgment ſits at the helm, however violent and unexpected the blaſt although raiſed to the tempeſt itſelf, it will conduct us ſafely through the midway channel, unendangered by the awful margins on either ſide.

A witty moraliſt uſed to ſay of taverns, that they were places where men ſold madneſs by the bottle.

## SELF-COMPLACENCY.

Self-complacency is a moſt neceſſary acquirement—for the value of a woman will always be commenſurate to the opinion ſhe entertains of herſelf. A celebrated European wit, in a letter to a lady, concenters much good advice in one ſhort rule of conduct—"Reverence thyſelf."

## BEAUTY.

How amiable is that beauty which has its foundation in goodneſs! Reaſon cannot contemplate its power with indifference—Wiſdom cannot refrain from enthuſiaſm—and the ſneering exertions of Wit cannot render it ridiculous. There is a dignity in conſcious virtue that all my impudence cannot bring me to deſpiſe; and if it be beauty that ſubdues my heart, it is this that completes the triumph.

## Editors' Notices.

On the principle adopted in our notices of laſt week, Henry's *Sonnet on Solitude* muſt be rejected. A further acquaintance with the muſes is recommended, before he quits his favourite retreat, if he wiſhes to meet a welcome reception from their friends on his appearance in public.

Laura's elegant ſelection ſhall be inſerted in our next number.

A constant reader ſhall be gratified before the concluſion of this volume, if the inſertion of his ſelection will do it.

## Married,

In this town, by the Rev. Mr. Dana, Josiah Hook, Eſq. Collector of the port of Caſtine, to Mrs. Sarah Webster.

On Monday evening, Mr. Luther Waterman, to Miſs Sarah Beal.

On Thurſday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Giles, Mr. Jacob Prichard, to Miſs Betsey Turner.

In Lyme, (Con.) Mr. Christopher Brockway to Miſs Christiana Chapel, after a courtſhip of three hours.

In Portſmouth, (N.H.) Mr. John C. B. Palmer, of Hallowel, to Miſs Mary C. Sherburne, of the former place.

In Greenland, Mr. Timothy Froſt, merchant, of Kennebunk, to Miſs Susan Coffin, of the former place.

In Boſton, Capt. Ebenezer Rhoades, junior editor of the Independent Chronicle, to Miſs Sarah Hurd.

## Died,

In Providence, of a conſumption, Dr. John Pope, æt. 37,—celebrated for the cure of cancers.

In Gilmanton, Miſs Ruth Parsons, æt. 24, daughter of Joſeph Parſons, Eſq.

In Exeter, ſuddenly, Mr. Robert Lord.

**For the Merrimack Magazine.**

MESSRS. GILMANS,

*The following 'Ode,' I have selected from Pope, said to have been written by him when only* twelve years of age. *You will confer an obligation on your friend by giving it a place in your valuable miscellany, Yours,*

ARISTANDER.

### ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation!
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

**For the Merrimack Magazine.**

MESSRS. GILMANS,

*The following is a* translation *of the French epigram which appeared in your last Magazine—it is yours to publish if you please.*

### THE FEMALE GRAMMARIAN.

A kiss, said young Charles, is a noun we allow,
But is it, my dear, either *proper* or *common*.
Lovely Betsy blush'd deep, and exclaim'd, Why I vow,
I think that a kiss is both proper and common.

GUILLAUME.

### THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A Poor friendless wanderer, the wide would before me,
When the harsh din of war forc'd a parent to roam,
With no friend, save kind heaven, to protect and watch o'er me,
I, a child of affliction, was robb'd of a home;

And thus with a sigh, I accosted each stranger—
O look with compassion on poor orphan Bess,
Your mite may relieve her from each threatning danger,
And the soft tear of pity can soothe her distress.

To the rich, by whom virtue's too often neglected,
I tell my sad story, and crave their relief,
But wealth seldom feels for a wretch unprotected,
'Tis poverty only partakes of her grief.

Ah! little they think, that the thousands they squander
On the playthings of folly and fripp'ries of dress,
Would relieve the keen wants of the wretched who wander,
While the soft tear of pity would soothe their distress.

Though bereft of each comfort, poor Bess will not languish,
Since short is life's journey, 'tis vain to lament;
And he who still marks the deep sigh of keen anguish,
Hath plac'd in this bosom the jewel, content.

Then, ye wealthy to-day, think, ah! think ere to-morrow,
The frowns of misfortune upon you may press,
And turn not away from a poor orphan's sorrow,
When the soft tear of pity can sooth her distress.

### THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY GREVILLE.

Ah! what avails the lengthning mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flowers!
Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas! the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings:
I have no pleasure in the rose;
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In cheerful ignorance blest;
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay Contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free:
She visits oft the hamlet cot,
When Want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.

But see,—or is it fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden through the groves;
Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O! welcome, Pleasure's queen!
And see along the velvet green
The jocund train advance:
With scattered flowers they fill the air;
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
A soul alive to joy!
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave the unguarded heart a prey
To cares, that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste
(Too soon the gay delusion past)
Reality remains!
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng:
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
To the distempered soul?
I see the lawn of hideous dye,
The towering elm nods misery;
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made.—
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke;
His wayward step then pensive took
Along the unhallowed shade.

### ON LOVE.

Say, *Sally*, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe,
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never felt a pain. L—N.

### THE HAPPY COTTAGER.

Behold yon humble, happy swain;
Though poor, his heart is gay;
For peace is his; and love, and health
Strew pleasures in his way.

He needs not pomp nor pow'r—their cares
Are all to him unknown:
Enough for him that love has made
The lass he loves his own.

### THE MISER AND MOUSE.

As Pedro stalk'd around his house,
The jealous Miser spy'd a Mouse.
How now! quoth he, what do'st thou here?
Sir, says the Mouse, dismiss your fear;
I came not with the hopes of food,
But for the sake of—SOLITUDE.

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